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EMBASSY™

Personal

NOTEBOOK

6" x 9"

80 sheets rose paper

Gregg/narrow ruling

with center line

reorder # 25-289



74319 25289

11/27/89.

To God, Be the

glory, for all that he has
done. For his blessings continue
to reiterate his presence. I am
a firm believer in destination,
or let's go a step further and say
pre-destination. I believe that all
things happen for reasons. Reasons
unknown until the timing is
right for all involved are ready
for the reality of the situation.

Take for instance take
5 very different young men
being brought together under ^{two} ~~one~~
roofs in in high rise in midtown
Atlanta. The goings and coming
are a real trip of this bunch.
But what is really hot and
special is when they come
together to gripe, to complain,
to witness, to learn on the

Others. That's when the magic happens. They are as follows
Nicholas Solomon - my homeroom
Mrs. Body Supreme - she thinks she
is great because she lifts weights.
The most caring one of the whole bunch
Sleek and dark - this girl is going
places - Sawanna McNamee -
"the quite one" Soror of the year Δ
and an alpha too. Big Sister sharp
as a knife with the haint of life!
(Balding). Every ambitious girl. With
eyes like a puppy that seem to melt
your heart. The sweetheart of the group.
Mark J. (Jesse) Anderson - The youngest
girl a Δ , pledging so that she will
become one of Delta's gracious
ladies. This girl has a lot to learn
and we can all learn a lot from
her. She's come up the hard way,
from the streets of Toledo, Ohio,
to Atlanta, Ga. - The Western
Lenox and Morehouse College.
She has something special.

Lastly But definitely not leastly
is Charles Harmon a wayward
girl with a death grip on the bottle
"Big Sister ~~has~~ everything so bleak
became this so Chic". From the
banks of the Jacksonville river
to the campus of ~~Atlanta~~ 784 in
Dellaharee. This many things and
we have just become close.

12/07/89

I have been in
my new apartment with Nick
since the 1st. And now my
head starts to come together.

Since I've been here
life has been on scenario
after another (in Atlanta), but
now I feel it's time to put
a stop to it all.

I've been someone
I don't know for the last
2 months or so. I've been

seeing and almost intimate
with as much as I give
@ one time. Not all in the same
room but jiggling my attention
among the 4. And I've been
being honest with all of them
except the latest one. The
only reason he doesn't know is
because he and I have not
yet started to spend any time
together. And I don't actually
think that I will start spending
time with him either. It would
take all four of them thrown
into a mixing bowl to come
up with one man to hold
my attention.

The period I have
dreaded has already begun.
That is my feeling of loss
behind the Embury Love affair
I had with Kenny. I have
been trying to replace him, but

it just doesn't work. There will
never be another man in my life
like him. Yet I have been seeking
to find something or shall we say
someone like him. My whole body
yearns for his touch, my mind
strikes out against the pain it feels
from the intrusion of emotion.
I feel I should not have to
encounter. All in all this is
where the real hurt begins.
It is up to me to deal with it
in a manner so that I grow
from it and get some positive
reinforcement from it. I feel
myself going through a metamor-
phosis! Preparing myself for
the me that I'm about to become.

December 18, 1989

Well, the Christmas season is definitely upon us. Again this year it looks as if I may not be able to contribute to the family giving of gifts this year. But if all possible I will find a way to pull through with a few items.

Still, the time alone that I need I have not gotten. The time I need to recuperate from the hole that "rip Love" ripped from my flesh and bone.

1891

1891

January 11th 1980

The New Decade has begun
and it's off to a rather rocky
start. ~~For~~ I'm in a state of
emotional **war**. I'm feeling so
much about ~~so~~ many things.
I've even pondered the thought of
considering seeking professional help.
But where would I go? I told
myself that this year must be
the start of a new me - turning
aside my youthful stupidity for ^{more}
mature responsible attitude. ~~So~~
it's get it together now! I've been
so damn lazy in the past couple of
weeks until it's just damn pathetic.
I think a lot of the fight in me
has died, but I intend to push
myself. I think that this being the
~~birth~~ month of my birth is probably
why I feel so glum. The problem
may be solved sooner than I think.

Am spending more time alone now
than I have in the past. Forcing me
to think more than I care to some-
times. It's terrible when I have so
many things on my mind @ one time.
I can't think clearly enough to rid
myself of them one @ a time.

Dear Father,

JAN 22, 90

Thank you for
this decade promise to be
one that will reveal many
things to me. Already
I find myself without a
job due to negligence on my
part and the connivance of
a racist white bitch. I've
learned a lot from this ex-
perience. About myself, about
the situation as it exists today
with racism in this town, just
like so many other places. And

I vow to you and to myself
that it shall never happen
again. At one point during
the turmoil I thought that
all had failed and I was
lost. But oh how quickly
I dispelled of all these notions.
For I know with you Father,
all things are possible. The
rest is up to me. So I pick
myself up put off my pride.
Pick up the piece, put off
my pride and I back in the
race again. And as long as
the breath of life is still
in me. That which I want
shall be mine.

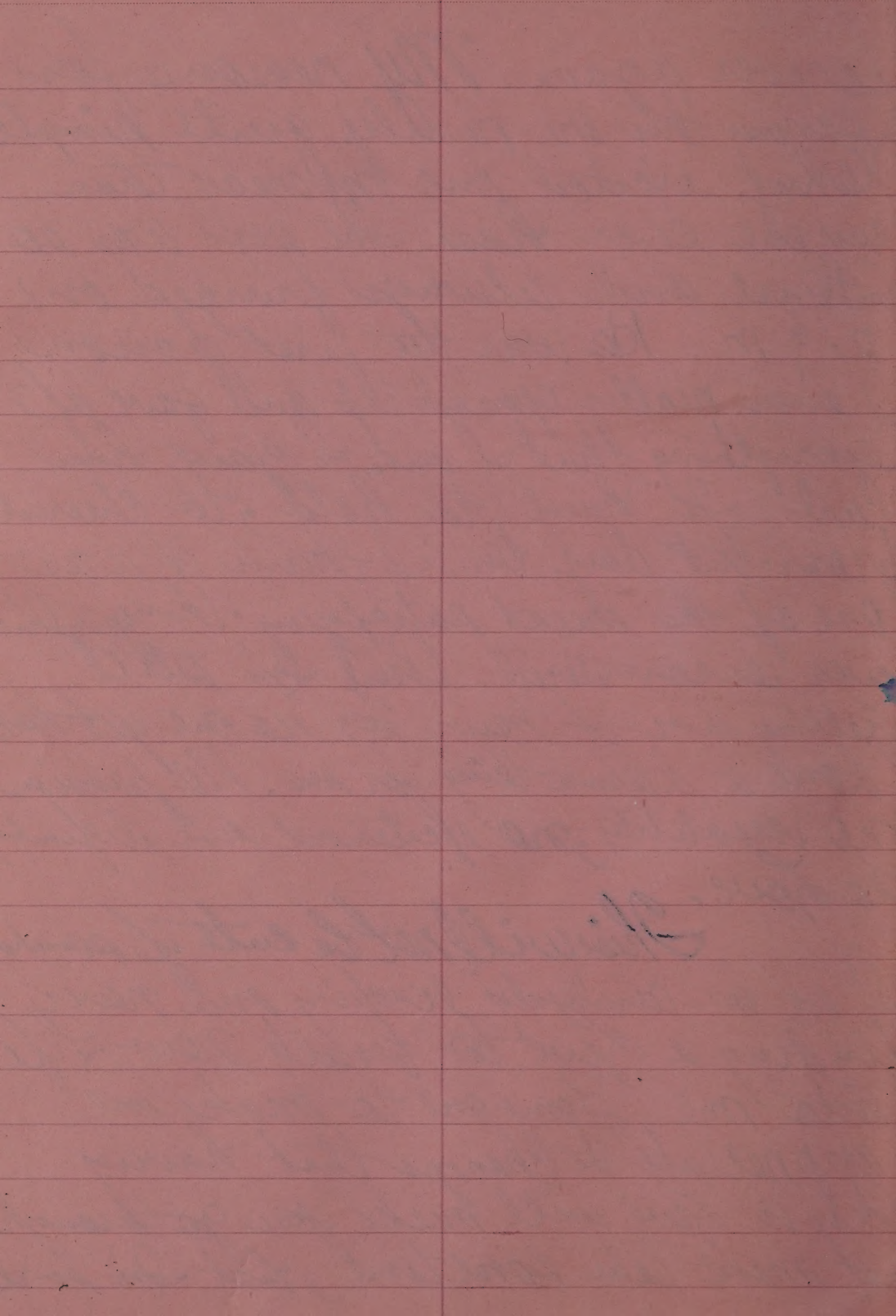
Dear Father, 1/31/89
Well, finally
I'm the age live died about 20
often (25). The closer it got
to my birthday the more
depressed I got. Then, all of
a sudden I started to get over
it. There no need to do anything
but get over it.

There are certain
things I want to get out of
life and I must take the
necessary steps to make sure
that I get them. This is something
I say over and over again and if
reiterating this will somehow
make it come true. Well, may-
be it will help.

There is something else
that I've discovered. It has to do
with Love (my ex-lover). It
seems that just as it took Love a while
to find me - it may elude me

forever again. My reasons for
saying this are really quite simple.
Henry excited me more so than
anyone ever has. He was so
intense and always fringed on
p. 3 m. He was the first person
I ever really opened up and gave of
everything that I am. I gave him
Carl. To have, to hold, to cherish
from that day on. I think it was
one of the most satisfying things I've
ever encountered. And I'm still
getting over it now. For no one yet has
done a damn thing for me. No passion
no versatility, no excitement and definitely
no Love.

This will not be until someone
I go on aimlessly weeping and never
finding a Love to breath new Life
into me. Some one to make me
appreciate the changes that having
been in Love will make you go through.
It may take some time, but I'm sure



that must someone for me, will
be a greater joy than learning was.
3/24/90

Praise his everlasting
name, for he is wonderful.
Thank you, Jesus! for all
that I am and will become.
With your father, I will make
it.

Life has taken quite a
few turns for me in the
new year of 1990. The start
of the decade that is to be
mine. It started off on a
rather peculiar note. I was
on a job and in a rather oppressing
situation with a Redneck boss
I hated. Naturally I rebelled
against the establishment. This
time it was very strong and I
ended up getting fired in a
round about way. After that I
was unemployed for a period of

come about a month - its
seemed like forever. During
this period I hung out as
often as I could and tried
not to worry. Then something
happened. The National Black Gay
and Lesbian Conference held their
annual function in Atlanta. I
was fortunate enough to be a
very small part of what went
on. It was a very inspiring ex-
perience. Friday (my brother) got
me passed to some of the functions
which really open my eyes to
quite a bit. And out of no-
where a very interesting Jamaican
man swept into my life.
E. Lloyd Harper is his name - an
artist, writer, director etc. This made
the weekend so real. He made me step
and reach for some things inside of
me that I hadn't in a long time.
That weekend proved to be so

many things. I met Trevor Whigley
- a Bahamian. I ran into Warren
Allen after God knows how
many years. We finally slept together.
~~She tried to~~ ~~convince~~ my wheel.
There was another young man that
wheel - a piece that caught my eye
at the pool table. I eventually
had him also. The next few weeks
paw me a down and out - but
optimistic girl. I did things to pay
the bills and to keep the girl the
E. Lloyd rebirth content, and in
her home. Warren eventually
moved in on a temporary basis. I
was sympathetic (his mother died 3 months)
and very Crabe (she spends well).
Therefore these measures were nec-
essary.

June 21, 1990

Today is my
father's Birthday and as
always I again must face
a harsh reality. It feels quite
different from that day 5
years ago. When after spending
a week in the hospital I was
told I had been exposed to
the virus. Yeah! Like who
hasn't.

So from this day
forth I face life with yet
another face. The face of the
possibility that I may be living
with aids.

Jon

~~I~~ that responds to me positively.
I fear that this relationship
will fail if I don't put my-
self into the frame of mind
to deal with Arnold as @
Arnold. One unique ~~under~~
individual. Not another queer,
not a boy who doesn't com-
pare to Cenny. But as I
Arnold Johnson.

July 30, 1990

This entry marks what is to be a new episode in my life altogether. Since I've been in Atlanta (Sept 189), my life has been a period of total readjustment, adjusting to all things. Finally I think I've met someone who might just be a stabilizer. Am terrified to admit that I think I might be falling in love. But it's true. In the next couple of days I will be trying to record these important things that have transpired thus far. In an attempt to pull scattered pieces of a tattered, puzzled life together.

The new young man in my life is Arnold Johnson. Arnold is from Florida. He's a Med Student

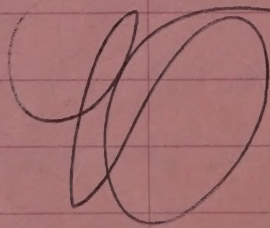
and a nurse. He's simply
gorgeous. The conversations
that we've had have been
phenomenal. He's intelligent,
articulate, and arouses all
my senses. He's young,
but a very positive thinker,
and he's optimistic about his
future. I'm trying to take
things slow so that we
can be as ~~as~~ confident as
we possible can about involving
ourselves together. ~~He~~ on the
other hand ~~he~~ wants to
jump right into things. I'm
trying to make him understand
about the fortress I've built
around my heart. In time it
will break down and sudden-
ly he will surround him.
That will not happen overnight.
I care for him yes. But I cannot
give into every pretty face

12/23/84

And when first I saw
him - I was petrified and
extremely excited in the same
instance. There was something
about his stare that saw through
all facades & tried to thorough off.
~~On~~ Suddenly there he was ~~in~~
next to me, then as if I had
been asleep his tongue was
thrust into my mouth. Thoughts
of my past our present flooded
my mind. As I lay back in
his arm and the kisses were
suddenly covering my entire
face I gave in and stopped fighting.
Then we were in bed @ my
apartment. As the turned off each
other.

~~1578-766~~
934-843

June 31, 1990
This day is day
one of what should be for me a
steady climb upwards. Become
more mobile. I have a car
now - back old Bonnevill.
And I'm still @ Macys Lenox.
I'm going into a whole different
phase of life for me. I'm adjusting
up, I'm moving today and
tomorrow. So new life will
start to slow down some for
me. If I can just get my check
book balanced.



2/1/20

22.5.247

3/25/90

I have no children, my womb will
not hold them

5/10/90

I've been in Atlanta almost
8 months, @ least $7\frac{1}{2}$. This
time I've already been on 3 jobs
and who knows how many
boys. About 20 000 different
changes and phases. And somehow
like always I've been brought back
to this place that's so familiar.
This warm place that's so safe for
me. Confiding wholly and solely
on paper. I've met so many new
people experienced so many new
and different things. And yet
I find no contentment. Or maybe
contentment is all that I find,
no happiness. My thoughts and
my heart run back to where
the only happiness (madness) I ever
knew - with Kenny.

